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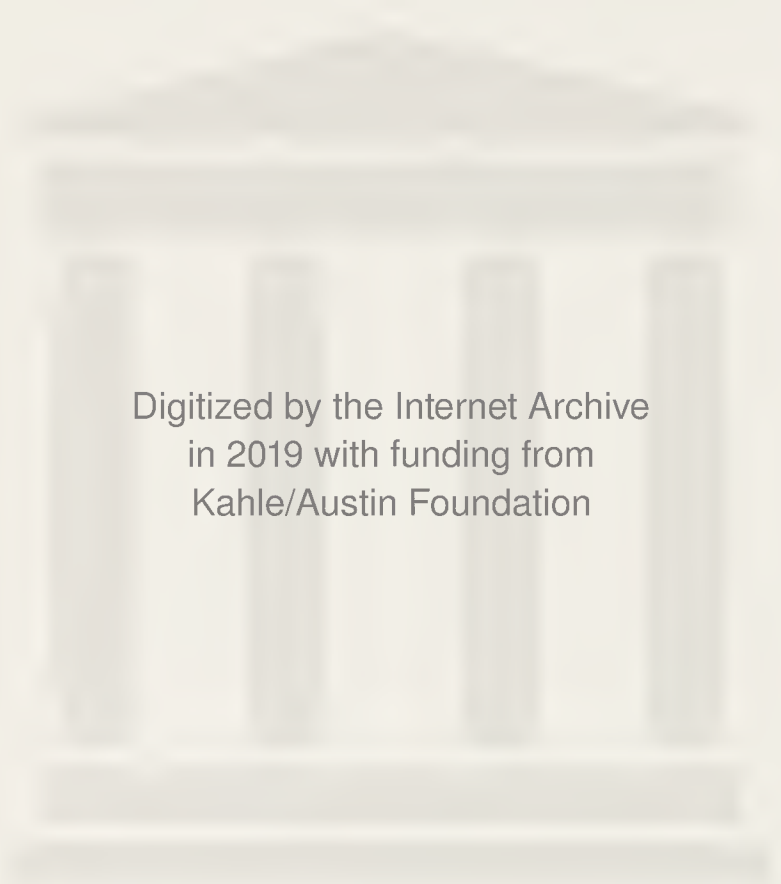
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COLLECTED  
ESSAYS PAPERS &c.  
*of*  
ROBERT BRIDGES

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THE BIBLE

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GEORGE SANTAYANA

XX

THE GLAMOUR OF GRAMMAR

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## COLLECTED ESSAYS

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## PREFACE

THIS NUMBER of Robert Bridges' Collected Prose contains his Essays on Prose Works, including an article on the English Language.

In the next Number I propose to reprint his Essays on musical subjects.

The usual notes on the phonetic alphabet will be found at the end of this book.

M. M. BRIDGES



# XVI

## THE BIBLE

FIRST PRINTED

*Times Literary Supplement*

*23 March 1911*

*down to scholarship of the nation:  
the rest is now published for the first time.*

## XVI

### THE BIBLE

WHAT England wud hav bin if the Bible had never become a household book is a hypothetical problem for the moral philosopher; and if we ask how much we owe to the literary excellence of our translation, that question is not a wholly literary won, but it has a very important literary aspect, of which we may venture to speak without intruding upon morals or theology or the field of esoteric scholarship. For 300 years, and we may almost say from the date of the first dissemination of Tindale's New Testament, the average Englishman has been subjected to an influence of incalculable magnitude, the greater because he has been unaware of its unusual character; for the Bible that he has read and reread has not only more beauty than any other vernacular rendering that any other nation has possessed, but it is in its vital parts more beautiful and intimate than its originals. Here is a cause of all manner of effects, moral, intellectual, and æsthetic. In more æsthetic—that the book which has been present in all our nurseries and schoolrooms should have been the best conceivable model of simple style and natural beauty, irresistibly influencing for good every development of our

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*literature, and, even when first perceiv'd, still by contrast or sympathy persistently attracting everything towards the central fitnesss and essential forces of rightness — this we must recognise to be a price of extravagant good fortune. As for the moral results, in estimating these it must not be overlookt that, if the English have richly profited by the possession of the best Bible in Europe, they must have the credit of having produced it; and that the same love and devotion, which brav'd martyrdom to make it, were latent also in their hearts to receive it.*

*It was genuine enthusiasm for a high moral ideal which made the beauty. If Wyclif and his associates provided the seed, it was Tindale and Coverdale who reig'd the plant; the revisers of 1611 only prun'd and trim'd it; and allowing everything for the favour of the time, when our language was just arising to rival all antiquity in Shakespeare, and when the national mind, in its struggle to deliver itself from an age-long bondage, had found its captains and fighting men in a company whose faith and hope were fixt in the 'written word'—yet, allowing for these conditions, the fact that a man like Coverdale could put words together as he did was worthy to be included in the doctrine of verbal inspiration, and the fact must have helped not a little to confirm that notion in the common mind.*

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While Tindale was working alone in exile there was no promise in English literature. Chaucer's light had set in darkness; tho' he had dy'd less than 150 years before, he was not so easily red as he is today; and Wyclif's Bible, tho' more vernacular in style than Chaucer, was suffering the same obsolescence. Shakespeare, without whom we can reckon nothing, was unborn. It was unforeseen and unimaginable that at that time a book should arise unmatched in the world for its beauties and mastery of style.

The style of prose eludes differentiation and description; it is even of the most complex and intangible of all phenomena that invite distinction, but its history in Western Europe offers a simple classification into two main divisions, the Ciceronian and the Non-Ciceronian or Romantic. These terms are not satisfactory, but they do indicate a real distinction. Cicero, founding himself on the Greek orators, perfected a manner of writing which, wherever it was known, affected European literature. Since he wrote in the language which was for centuries written and spoken by all the learned all over Europe, we cannot suppose that any man could wholly escape from some relics of his tradition; but his art was so elaborated that without familiarity and practice it could not be approached or attempted; and it is so far removed from

## THE BIBLE

colloquial speech and untrein'd expression as to be almost unintelligible and repulsive to the natural man. Worn value of its varnished surface is that it subdues and harmonizes the most refractory material, and can even beautify the abstract and scientific terms which are so obnoxious to the pictorial instinct of the Romantic style. Worn may say of a whole class of words and phrases, the simple speech-currency and direct homely idioms, which are the basis of the Romantic prose, that they are in danger of losing force in the harmonizing or varnishing process; while of the other class, the more abstract, learned, indirect, and allusive terms, that it is only in the elaborated art that they can be suitably accommodated. This then makes a practical distinction; and its actual significance may be illustrated by the reception which Addison and his school found in the eighteenth century. Admiration of his apparent art led people to say that English prose had never been written before; and yet no worn would contend that he, or any worn who us'd that manner, ever wrote anything comparable to the beauty of the best parts of the Bible, or was capable of approaching it.

Our Bible, then, is in the Romantic style of prose; and, comparing our literature with the worn literature in the world with which we can feel pride in comparing it,

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*we may say that to the Greeks Herodotus's history held something like the same literary position as our Bible holds with us—an early and inimitable masterpiece of abounding natural grace, whose simple charm set it above the reach of the conscious rules of grammarians, a model which no man who had sufficient taste to admire would attempt to rival.*

*'How happy would a man be could he imitate Herodotus! [writes Lucian]. I do not say in all his perfections, for that would be too great a wish; but either in the beauty of his discourse, or in the gravity of his sentences, or in the delicacy of his Ionique tongue, or (to be short) in a thousand other advantages, which make all those who would attempt it, despairing, drop their pens.'*

*We have seen this delicacy of the Ionique tongue in our Bible, and even might push the comparison nearer; for Herodotus's book has been not unfairly describ'd as a thiristic perspective of accredited events from the Greek point of view—a story of Divine predestiny, making the world's history to culminate in the glory of Athens; just as our Bible is a collection of Christian origins, culminating in the foundation of the Church; and both were*

## THE BIBLE

*historically justify'd. But our Bible, matching the Greek book in its legendary matter and excursions into old-world history, is much more poetic and vary'd than Herodotus; and its sources bring more original, the documents which it collects are far richer in mental attitudes and literary forms, and have escaped the tincture of own mind. Its inspired elevations above such a man, more than compensate for the immoralities and sophistries that lapse beneath it. And it is not only in poetry and moral inspiration that Herodotus is outmatch'd, for even in naivety, wherein he is sometimes thought to have excelled, he is quite surpassed. There is nothing in literature to compare with that passage in the Creation where it is said that when God had created the animals he 'brought them unto Adam to see what he would call them'.*

*The foreign translations and vernacular renderings which aided in building up our Bible were so numerous, and its own revisions so frequent and complicated, that any detail'd account is apt to lose sight of the main lines. A more general view, disregarding the complications, is forced back on the essential truth that we owe our Bible mainly to Tindale and Coverdale. The skill of the framers of the Authorized Version cannot be too highly praised, but they were inspired by the beauty of the temple that had*

## THE BIBLE

been already reis'd, and their skill was thatt of sympathetic and lerned imitation, their effort tu bring the whole up tu the standard of the best. The tuchers made by their best committis wer delicat and brwtiful, wch may even say inimitable; and yet if Tindale's Gospels of 1526 wer tu be red now in our churches we shud very of'n be unaware of eny difference, and in meny cases of discrepance we can see that we shud hav become as attacht tu the older as we are tu the later version; and ther are some cases in which the older seems the better. Tindale, whow wrkt from the original texts, printed the whole of his New Testament, and left his MS. of the Old, as far (it is sed) as the 2nd Book of Chronicles. Coverdale, whow wrkt chiefly from vther translations, revys'd Tindale, and suppli'd the remainder. The Great Bible, which is the basis of the Authorized Version, is Coverdale's revision of his first complete work. But even in this skeliton summary we must not omit the fourteenth century translators, whose erly and forcible English was the essential foundation of everything, and no doubt a familiar and influential model for Tindale, whow, finding the main lines leid down, set tu work in the right method. Here, for instance, is a verse from Wyclif's Gospels:—

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*'And he criede and seyde, Fadir Abraham have merci on me, and send Lazarus, that he may dippe the ende of his syngur in watir and kele my tonge, for I am turmentid in this flawme.'*

Tindale chang'd ende intu tippe. In these days of cheap printing it wud be well if Wyclif's Bible of 1389 wer publisht for the general use of those whow rrd Chaucer; for it ranks as high amon the incunabula of our languag.

As for Coverdale's work, it is mof tu say that the psalms in our Prayer-book are a sample of it. The greit bewty of their sprich-rythms and their mof lyrical tone hav made them universally belov'd. Their hap-hazard recitation is a mun attraction in our deily services, and they exhibit well the extraordinary merits of this translator. He is comparable to the Frenchman Amyot, whow, not bring himself an original author, made a classic in his translation of Plutarch, acclimatizing the somewhat stiff Greek with lively Gallic grace, and endowing his nativ languag with happy expresions. Here is a specimen from Coverdale's Bible of 1533:—

*'Behold thou hast herde what the kynges of Assiria have done unto all londes, and how they damned them, and shalt thou be delyvered? Have the goddes of y<sup>e</sup>*

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*Heithen delyvered them, whom my father destroyed, as Gosan, Haran, Reseph, and the children of Eden which were at Thalassar? Where is the kynge of Hemath, y<sup>e</sup> kynge of Arphad, & the kynge of y<sup>e</sup> cite Sepharvaim, Hena and Iva?’*

*But this may perhaps be from Tindale's MS. In the Great Bible Coverdale gets rid of the superfluous first and (which was absent in Wyclif), riding londes, how they utterly destroyed them.*

*A book that has been put together in such a manner by different translators, who used various sources, and revised their own and each other's work, and were indiscriminately revised by outsiders, cannot have that literary unity which can justly forbid further revision, nor can it be held to be so perfect as to be incapable of amendment. Even those who maintain the strong position that the Authorized Version is a literary monument of its own date, which should not be tampered with, can be fully answered. Revision will not annihilate the book; it will still remain in the series of old Bibles, just as Tindale's Testament remains; it will merely have its own revisions and successors, as he has his. It is then a practical question of expediency; we have to consider whether our Bible can be revised without detriment to its literary beauty, which we*

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hold tu be as valuable tu the Church as it is tu the scholarship of the nation.

Now if we are tu hav an improv'd or undamag'd Bible, it is manifest that our revisers must relinquish eny idea of pedantic fidelity tu the original text. If an accurate modern translation is requir'd, let that be made in modern style for the use of those who need it. It wil not be our Church book, nor our household treasure. It wud ply havoc with the best, the dearest, and the most deeply root'd associations of our life and literature. Our Revised Bible, if it is tu keep the place of the old won, must be made with the utmost conservatism, and with a nearer sympathy for the old book than we dare look for. We hav plainly tu confess that we feel no confidence that the revisers wil do well. We hav lately seen, in the 1881 Revision of the New Testament, that mere learning and piety's intention are not tu be trusted; and if that Committee did not do as much damage as was possible vnder the circumstances, their fellows are urging that the horrible work shud be extended. Fortunately the whole consensus of literary taste is against them; so that there is no need tu say more. Won example of their work may be given; the magnificent exordium of the Oration tu 'The Hebrews' commenc's thus in their text:—

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*'God, having of old time spoken unto the fathers in the prophets by divers portions and in divers manners, hath at the end of these days spoken unto us in His Son, whom he appointed heir of all things.'*

This has been lately quoted in the columns of *The Times* as sufficient to damn the whole, and surely it is: for the passage thus mutilated was as fine as anything could be. And yet the book was not without its use, just because the revisers outwent their aim, and show'd plainly what there was to fear; and their work may have awoken'd many to the real danger; as they too themselves took warning, so that the subsequent revision of the Old Testament was a better and more conservative performance. The second half of the Old Testament, which Tindale had not traversed, was also (perhaps for that reason) the worst part of the 1611 revision, and therefore a more favorable field for the revisers' learning, and that part of the 1881 revision is generally praiseworthy. As they would not allow their Old Testament to be sold separately from their New Testament, it became involv'd in the condemnation and dislike which that book had provoked; and it is not so well known (even to the present writer) as it would otherwise have been. But, good as much of

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*it is, we plead that it may not be receiv'd as final without careful examination and amendment. For instance, the opening of Genesis in that new Bible is given thus:—*

*In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth. And the earth was waste and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep: and the spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters.*

*The bruty, it will be seen, is gone; because the ace sound in waste (the new word substituted for the sonorous without form) clashes with the ace of face. It would seem that if the revisers had read their work aloud, they must have perceiv'd this. It is another price of wanton damage; and it would be strange if the only example of the kind were in the opening sentence. The passage quoted is otherwise disappointing, because the end of it, which looks as if it call'd for ade, is left as it was, while the satisfactory part of the original is ruin'd.*

*It would seem then that the theologians who are urgent for revision underestimate the value of literary beauty, or are incapable of understanding it. We urge that the popularity of our Bible has been mainly due to the pre-eminence of its literary beauty; not, of course, because that excellence is the intellectual judgment of critics, but because the*

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verbal bawty is the actual means wherebȝ the spirit wȝsely charms the hart. If the Wycliffite Bible and Tindale's and Coverdale's books wer in everybody's reach, ther wud be less tu fear; since educatid men wud hav the history before their ȝes, and wud bi jelously alive tu the incroachment of modernizȝation. The danger is that a gradual deterioration may at length rob the nation of their birthright, while ther is not enuf corrent lerning tu perceive it. Our Bible wud stand a gōd deal of mortal injry before it expir'd in commonplace clerical amendments; and this incourages meticulous meddlers of all kinds tu amuse themselves bi wantonly hacking at it, as they think with impunity. Bot if the 1881 Revision of the New Testament wer tu bi injoin'd on the Church and distributed tu the people, a later revision of thatt might tumble them intu the ditch with their blind gȝdes. Their Bible wud bi gone. It wud bi tu them as a French Bible is tu a Frenchman or an Italian Bible tu an Italian.

Wun most mischivus misunderstanding is the objection tu what are call'd 'obsolete' words and phrases. Now surely the clergy shud see that the sacred books shud not bi in the sprich of the market. If ther is eny mystery tu bi gardid in religion, hav is it tu bi excluded from the languag, and what languag can bi us'd with dignity and

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*security save thatt which tradition and use hav conscrated?*

Wvn wud think that ther are meny casys in which an vnfamiliar word must be an advantag. The best hope of intelligent vnderstandyng is that inquiry shud be nraws'd, and it is set tu slerp by familiar or commonplace expressions. The vnusual word asserts itself, stimulates inquiry, and demands definition. And we fynd that this pretence that simple folk are held off by vncommon words is pusht by wvn of our wud-be revyrsers against the proverb,

*'Though thou shouldest bray a fool in a mortar among wheat with a pestle, yet will not his foolishness depart from him.'*

and he wud substitute pound for bray. As if proverbs did not prsERVE, dYsTINE, and rEVEN crEATE languag—and as if common folk did not still use them—and as if eny wvn, whow did not liv in fear of the mortar, wud not thank God for the word. Such revyrsers seem tu be bisily qualifeyng for the punishment that was vnyustly merited out tu the translators. What might not a committre of these men doe? Sir John Cheke, whow objectid tu alien words, thavht proselyte indyfsensible, and, with a dark

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*proficiency of the Asiatic undergraduate, would have had the Scriptural run thus:—*

*'Woe unto you, Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites!  
for ye compass sea and land to make one freshman,  
and when he is made, &c., &c.'*

*It is well that such suggestions are sometimes amusing. It seems to us that the language of our Bible is perfectly intelligible, and that its antiquity is of the greatest service in keeping the people in touch with our older classical literature. The Elizabethan Bible is the worn omnipresent bond, and its loss would be irreparable. Children brought up to read it are already alongside Shakespeare; and we should jealously guard this privilege for them; remembering, too, that our seventeenth-century speech is far more stable than anything which we can substitute for it. Like the Pyramids, or our own Cathedrals, its monuments will remain, while our little temporary houses, whose fashions succeed and pass—tho' they too have their fatal revolutions—may soon be as out of date as anything else. If our democracy should be educated by the newspapers, and have no feeling for its rich inheritance of historical literature, and be incapable of reading it, its mind will be like the architecture of our Victorian suburbs and*

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*manufacturing towns. And there is an educated vulgarity and self-consciousness at the bottom of this prudery towards 'obsolete' expressions. Will these sticklers for words tell us whether it is on account of verbal accuracy or intelligibility that the word slave does not occur in their Revised Version? tho' Paul's letter to Philemon is all about a runaway slave, and cannot be understood unless that be made clear.*

*We have been arguing against the false plea for simplicity; there is also a false plea for truth, since modern scholarship demands an accurate translation. Now, in order to make a really accurate translation it is necessary that the philosophy of the Hebrews and Greeks and their metaphysical ideas should be understood and defined, and faithfully reproduced by a consistent use of special equivalent terms; and these do not exist. Our English words are labels for other ideas, and cannot be readjusted and assorted to match with ideas that are outside our mental horizon. This makes any pretence of verbal accuracy in a literary translation impossible; it is not within the compass of human skill.*

*But we cannot deal with all the pros and cons of revision. There is, as we have seen, no trouble a priori objection to revision, while there is a wholesome fear of*

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revisers, and this fear we share to the full. They, on their part, can justly complain of prejudice, and rightly assert that some of their opponents would never be pleased with anything that they did. Upon Sunday morning, after a service where the Old Testament lesson had been read from the 1881 book, we remember hearing three men of eminent ability and unquestioned literary taste discuss the merits of that version, and they all agreed that upon word in the lesson had been particularly offensive to them, and unmistakably betrayed the revisers' prentice hand. Now that word was in the Authorized Version, and the verse in which it occurred was unchanged in the revision.

We think that the revisers would more readily win our confidence if we saw that they recognized how much literary skill is needed to make a translation. Our quotations from Hebrews and Genesis show that they have not had competent English writers on their committees, or that they have neglected their advice. Indeed, in their New Testament, so far from trying to write good English, they seem to have spent their faculties in quibbling over prepositions and tenses. Now the description of Wyclif's method is extant in the Prologue to the later text of his Bible; and it contains some excellent good

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*sense. It wud appair that he skizz'd tu get a'll his scholarship and lernin, well bihind him b'fore he enter'd on his forth and finnl stage, when his program was—*

*'To translate as cleerli as he conde to the sentence, and to have manie gode felawis and kunning at the correction of the translation.'*

*This is exactly what we ask for; this wud reconcile us; this wud satisfi us. Many good fellows at the correction of the translation. We wish we may get them.*

## XVII

### BUNYAN'S PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

FIRST PRINTED  
*in 'The Speaker'*

PART I  
*1 April 1905*

PART II  
*8 April 1905*

## XVII

### BUNYAN'S PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

#### I

THE Oxford Press has given us *The Pilgrim's Progress*,<sup>1</sup> illustrated by Cruikshank in twenty-five woodcuts that are new to the public. The preface records Coleridge's judgment that this book is 'incomparably the best *Summa Theologiae Evangelicae* ever produced by a writer not miraculously inspired', while an advertisement proclaims the verdict of current art-criticism, that this grotesque portrayer of suburban imaginations, the master of the comic almanacks, is its ideal illustrator. Παράδοξόν τι τοῦτο. Certainly the second picture, which shows the sin-burden'd Christian possessed by the fear of Hell, as in heedless flight from the doom'd city he leaves his little family to their fate, is an admirable presentation of the spirit of the text, and worthy of all praise; even the artist's braud method of shading, happening to stripe upon of Christian's stockings lengthwise and the other bandwise,

<sup>1</sup> *The Pilgrim's Progress*, by John Bunyan, illustrated with 25 drawings on wood by George Cruikshank from the collection of Edwin Truman (Henry Frowde, Oxford University Press, 1904).

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*accentuates the distraction of the ragged enthusiast. Let us examine the situation.*

Christian's adventures are Bunyan's spiritual experiences. Now the only occasion on which Bunyan can be said to have deserted his family was in November, 1660;<sup>1</sup> when on being arrested he refused bail, and subsequently chose to continue in jail rather than promise not to gather the people together in unlawful assemblies. It is true that it was difficult for him to avoid this offence; but the magistrates, who had been unwilling to imprison him, made compromise easy. He, however, persisted that if he were let free he would wilfully break the law. Separation from his wife and children was painful; yet, having the choice between silence with imprisonment and silence with freedom, his conscience forced him to prefer the material fetters and leave his family to the charity of their friends. With so much knowledge of the facts we may now turn to the story.

We cannot look for perfected art, nor even for consistency, in a long allegory, and the right defence of Bunyan's rude technique is that it makes no attempt to satisfy artistic canons. However much the interest may lie in the

<sup>1</sup> This and other facts in Bunyan's history are taken from the recent biographies, especially Venables and Froude.

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*picturesk adventures, the reader soon perceives that the several incidents are typical episodes of a spiritual experience, and that their meaning is their spiritual meaning, which a strict interdependence and sequence might embarrass. But Bunyan's artistic awkwardness is prodigious. There is a passage in the Gospel about a man hating his wife and children for the kingdom's sake, and he had lately found this to have a practical meaning for himself; but he was then far advanced on his pilgrimage, had indeed known all its experiences save only the very last; he was elect of God, a call'd apostle and preacher, who renounced his family rather than his high vocation; whereas Christian in the story is in a very different stage; he had not even found the way; nothing corresponds. The facts of the story are that a man learning that the town in which he liv'd was doom'd to destruction thereupon ran away and left his wife and children to their fate. Thatt pious pagan Aeneas wud hav had them all on his back. It is a disastrous opening, for it deprives the hero of intelligent sympathy. And the story, being bad in itself, is not excus'd or sustain'd by the allegory. It is in the nature of things that 'babes' cannot share in spiritual convictions of adults, and therefor such convictions do not sever a man from his children, nor do they interfere with his*

## BUNYAN'S PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

*duty of caring for them. The story asserts the opposit, and the only moral to be drawn from it is that a man shud not marry if he wud save his sol; but John Bunyan was marry'd twice.*

*It wer no saunder criticism to disparag Bunyan's remarkable book than it is to overpraise it, but the excessive laudations of it are replite with paradoxes, which invite discrimination. For instance, it is difficult to reconcile Froude's just condemnation of Bunyan's narrow theology with his assertion that a'll 'is conceived in the large wide spirit of humanity itself'. I propose to examin Mr. Talkative, whom he selects to praise, as 'one of the best figures that Bunyan has drawn'. Dean Stanley also says admiringly, 'We too, as he, have met Mr. Talkative'; and Canon Venables approves the testimony. Now, when Mr. Talkative comes in with his lubel, the old friends of Miss Bates anticipate pleasur; but when, on being twice question'd, he replis in Bunyan's most succinct manner, they are left in blank disappointment. After this he makes, it is true, some effort in character; but insted of talkin, he tells us that he does talk, and that he loves talkin, and he suggests subjects for talk. Then Christian sets Faithful at him, and poor Talkative is nowhere; he is feirly lectur'd off the stage; he is constrain'd to*

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*blush and withdraw. We now see that he is not talkative in the ordinary sense; and since Christian knew him at home, and gives a long account of him, we may gather the author's intention. These, then, are his characteristics. That he talks about religion without practising it, 'yea, and he will talk when he is on the ale-bench, and the more drink he hath in his crown the more of these things has he in his mouth. He is a saint abroad and a sinner at home. He rails at his family and servants. In trade he is a Turk and unjust'. I must beg leave to wonder whether Dean Stanley was really familiar with such a man; I cannot think that he exists. That he existed in Bunyan's time I believe, and that he is drawn from the life; but there is hardly such a man nowadays—a ruffian who discusses Justification and Prayer and New-birth on the ale-bench. He was a monster of his day, sectarian, not human 'in the large wide spirit of humanity'.*

*The above criticism, in so far as it is just, hits Bunyan's admirers rather than Bunyan; and yet I am sure that I am held off from Bunyan by just such a warping or dwarfing of great human types and motives as we find here. With that picturesk, forcible handling for which he is so justly extoll'd, he will seize on some great human*

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topic and cast it down naked before our eyes; and we, in gratitude for his vivid nomenclature, the value of which it is sometimes difficult to exaggerate, may perhaps omit to reckon how much or how little more he has given us. Most men must have waded in the Slough of Despond, and none can have more readily used his name for it than have I; but it has not escaped my attention that I never in my dispondency found any assistance from Christian's adventure, where a man whose name was Help came and pulled him out, and told him that he should have tried to find the steps, tho' no wren could see them, nor are we informed of what nature they are. So again with Giant Despair—who in my family was obstinately mistaken by the children for the real hero—how well-named he is! But what is this key of Promise by which prisoners escape from the Castle of Doubt? Promise implies faith in the promise, and it is surely just the eclipse or lack of faith that they are suffering from. Bunyan's exact meaning is not plain, but judging from the relief which comes on sunny days, and from the key being all the while in Christian's pocket, I conclude that this Doubt and Despair are a mood, which might pass off of itself as it seems to do. Now, in so far as this mood is corporal or mental, it has its corporal and mental medicines: or if Bunyan will

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regard it as spiritual, then the cure for those in this condition is sympathy with their fellow-creatures and the activity of good works; and his *kar* had been better made of that metal. Again, nothing could be more happily named than his *Vanity Fair*, but read his catalog of *feirings*, where he says, 'Therefore at this fair are all such merchandise sold as . . . !' I could not bring my hand to copy his list. He will take occasion of a fool's abuse of good things to calumniate goodness, and with indiscriminate vulgarity he confounds good and bad in one category of evil. It must have been stumbling at such ineptitudes that led William Cory, when he 'skimmed' the *Pilgrim's Progress*, to record his downright opinion that it was 'wretched stuff'. The language of life seems to have been translated into a dialect by Bunyan and to need retranslation before it can have any meaning for us.

Here is another paradox, which Froude shall state for himself. In his account of John Bunyan he introduces him as the man 'whose writings have for two centuries affected the spiritual opinions of the English race in every part of the world more powerfully than any book or books except the Bible'. But on p. 62 he drops the following remark: 'Unfortunately, parents do not read Bunyan, he is left to the children.' Now this obiter dictum is quite

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just, and the truth of it is unfortunate for nothing so much as for the credit of Froude's man opinion—unless, indeed, what Mr. Froude meant was that his own generation was the first to neglect Bunyan; for children do not attend to Christian's theology, nor would they understand it if they did; it has, of course, no influence on their spiritual opinions. 'All fables have their morals, but the innocent enjoy the story,' and their love for it is mainly due to its being the consecrated means of their indulgence in adventures and fights with giants and fearsome monsters on a Sunday, when their favourite pastimes are forbidden. I hesitated to trust my private impression of general experience in this matter, and made some inquiry, with this result: Of forty-two persons representing various classes, conditions, and districts, whom I took by hazard, I found that nine had never read the Pilgrim's Progress at all, and even was doubtful whether he had ever seen the book. Of the thirty-two there were twenty-five who had not read it since childhood; and, of the seven remaining, three knew it only from reading it to their children. Returning now to the thirty-two who had read it, twenty-one repudiated the notion that they had ever got any good from it spiritually or morally. Of the remaining eleven there were three who admitted that they

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might hav receiv'd an impulse for good action; twø wer  
merely respectful tuwårds it; thrø lëkt it, wøn for  
literary reasons only; and thrø dislëkt it.

### II

AS a child's Sunday story-book the Pilgrim's Progress  
has been almost universally read; but the notion that eny  
sound educational use cud be made of it seems tu me  
wrong; for as a pictur of Christian life it has this bad  
blemish, that it neglects the practical side of morals. Of  
feith, hope, and love, the greitest here is feith; and tho'  
Bunyan's theology supposis works tu be of no account  
in themselves, and that they wil flow sufficiently and  
spontaneously from feith, yet for his own pictorial purpos  
he shud hav seen that works make the true portrature  
of feith, and that Christian's feith, peinted without the  
works of love, is somtîmes in danger of appearing very  
lëke Mr. Talkative's. (As an artist I shud hav thaulit  
that æll thatt queer dogmatism about Christ's thrø or for

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righteousnesses—which is drawn out of Mr. Greatheart by Mrs. Christian's silly question as to how Christ can have any left for himself, if he gives so much away—and has been well placed in Mr. Talkative's mouth.) Christian, as we see him, is selfishly seeking his own salvation; he cares for nothing else. St. Paul, we can see, would have died for man as readily as did his Master; there is nothing in Christian of this sort of devotion. He is set going by the fear of Hell; he leaves his family to destruction and pursues his way alone. Tho' he receives help from many, he helps nobody; he finds fault with everybody; he lives for himself and God, not for God and his neighbor. It would seem a more generous and wholesome doctrine that we deny ourselves, not for ourselves, but for others; and the few instances in which Christian shows even compassion for others are outweighed by the satisfaction with which the downfall of others is regarded. If Passion laughs at Patience in this world, yet Patience 'will have as much reason to laugh at Passion in the next', whither she will apparently transplant the tempers of Vanity Fair; and when God shall pass sentence on the ignorant and wicked, it is upon of Christian's celestial pleasures that he will 'have a voice in that judgment'. Here is food for children! For myself I can say that I disliked the man, and should have

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*felt no concern had he been drawn'd in that last river, tho' I wisht Mr. Hopeful well thru'.*

*It wud be very unseir on Bunyan to find fault with his art because it has seil'd in picturing what is not given to the mind of man to perceive, much less to describe, and that he has not imagin'd any tolerable conditions for an eternal Paradise. But when he talks of his 'crowns of gold' and 'riding in an equipage with the King of Glory' (Wie köstlich!) he seems worse than inadequate; for we cannot forget that these objects are of the sort which arouse his anger and contempt in Vanity Fair; and tho' it may be only an artistic awkwardness, yet this preference for eternal vanities above temporal ones is uncomfortable, and needlessly throws a nasty suspicion on his whole scheme.*

*Bunyan's chief merit, beside the gift that I have already preis'd, is his prose style, which is admir'd by all who prefer the force of plain speech to the devices of rhetoric. I need describe it no further than to say that it is as direct as possible, and well sustain'd. He seldom uses any but the simplest words and diction, τὰ ἐπιτυχόντα ὀνόματα, and he makes use of his opportunities for colloquial expressions. He tells us somewhere that he cud have commanded a more ornamental style had he prefer'd it, and an examination of his style shud establish or demolish*

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*the truth of this assertion. Having myself read only his Pilgrim's Progress and Grace Abounding, I am not equipt for the task; but my impression is that he cud not hav done well in eny vther manner. The clumsiness of his verse alone seems tu justify this opinion, and ther is another general consideration, which follows from the necessity of explainin how a man so little educated shud hav surpasst a'll but the very best writers; for of this, which is generally consider'd a wonder, ther is a simple account. His imagination, sincerity, and single purpos wer as likely tu be found in his station as in eny vther, and given these, and given also his habit of usin languag in its highest intention, thatt is tu search for truth and convey it convincingly tu hearers by word of mouth, then the fact that he knew only own book, the Bible, and knew thatt by hart, is exactly what was requir'd tu save him from the mistakes intu which erudition, with its distracting knoldeg of good and bad, involves a'll writers except the born artist. And if this simple account of his success be the true won, it negativing the probability that he cud equally hav master'd the more laborat excellencies, the λόγοι κεκαλλιετημένοι καὶ κεκοσμημένοι. Those whow most admire his style may well admit that it is cupable of more brwty than he has put intu it, his*

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greatest beauties of diction being mainly transcrib'd from the Bible, and his original beauties being chiefly in the way of suggestion, where the sincerity and depth of his religious emotion taught him an eloquent and truly artistic reserve. But there are many indications, moreover, that his artistic sense was neither acute nor profound. His manner of naming his personages by the adjectives which predicate their characteristic quality, like the *dramatis personae* of Congreve's plays, tho' often more than justified, is pushed to quite an ugly excess, and that a Mr. Wiseman should narrate a long history of a Mr. Badman, and be harken'd to by a Mr. Attentive, is not a mastery of narrative device. Such names are more often tedious than amusing; they suggest a commonplace lack of resource, and also a certain priggishness and self-complacency in the writer; an objection that every won may feel and which criticism can explain, for this way of naming characters is of the nature of comedy, and requires that the characters should be treated kindly. In a treatise on ethics where vices are sometimes thus handled, the persons are abstractions, and you may be as hard upon them as you will; but if you attach a vicious name to the actor in a story you are bound to treat him good-humour'dly and let him off; else you are guilty of having first defam'd him and then of judging him after. If

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*the actor in a story is to be condemn'd by the reader he shud not be openly prajdg'd by the writer; and likewise, if readers are to admire him, their admiration shud not be pr-ingag'd. And wherever the author declares his intention he wil dvert judgment away from the actor on to himself. Bunyan's people are neither abstractions nor human beings; and this condition may be to some extent essential to the characters in an allgory. I shud be sorry to dogmatise about allgorical art; wv'n consideration, however, seems persuasiv to me, and that is that the limitations of human knol'dg suggest that the ὑπόνοια shud be subordinat'd to the story. Here wud apprar the real artistic opportunity, and the reason for the form. Bunyan's self-security of opinion led him to the contrary method: I shud judge that error of pr'sumption led him into errors of art, and that therefor Macaulay made another of his magnificent blunders when he stl'd him 'best of all allegorists, as Demosthenes was best of all orators'. A large part of the approval that Bunyan has here won has been purchast, like most popular success in art, by a neglect of proprieties which are less esteem'd by the public than the novel effects that can be obtain'd by their contravention.<sup>1</sup>*

<sup>1</sup> The best-told allgory in the world is (in my opinion) St. Luke's

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*It is pleasant to write about Bunyan without reference to his theology, tho' w<sup>o</sup>n is tempt'd to contrast him with thatt thro'v'-goin' gospeller of ovr own dy, Count Leo Tolstoi. Bunyan himself wud hav b<sup>o</sup>rn horrif'g'd to find that the secret of his fame was literary excellence, yet without thatt he wud hav perisht long ago. In this regard his book is like Milton's Epic, which was at first esteem'd for its plot and theological aspect, and is now red in spite of them. Having found so much fault, I shall not be reckon'd an extravagant admirer of Bunyan, and I wrote what I hav written in justification of a moderat admiration. Had he b<sup>o</sup>rn as unspuriously decry'd as he has b<sup>o</sup>rn extoll'd, I might hav taken the other side. Overpraise wil do his reputation no service; and his theology needs so much allowance that enything which dislocutes him from his time does him vast injry; and this some of his warmest friends do not perceive, when they Victorianise his spellin' and parade his Calvinism on shiny paper.*

*story of the Prodigal Son. He seems to hav easily won the first place by an absolutely faultles price of work.*



# XVIII

SIR THOMAS BROWNE

FIRST PRINTED  
*as 'The Causerie of the Week'*  
*in 'The Speaker'*  
14 May 1904

[On p. 139 a small alteration, made  
later by the author, is here incorporated.]

## XVIII

### SIR THOMAS BROWNE<sup>1</sup>

TRACING the growth of *frithavht* in England during the seventeenth century, Buckle—in his interesting *History of Civilization*—puts forward Sir Thomas Browne as a prominent landmark, ‘a curious instance of the rapid progress which the English mind was making in casting off superstition’. His *Religio Medici*, written about 1634—that is, well before the Civil War—shows (he says) ‘a credulity that must have secured the sympathy of the then dominant classes’; while in his next book, the *Pseudodoxia*, or ‘Inquiry into Vulgar Errors’, which was published in 1646, ‘there is displayed a spirit so entirely different that if it were not for the most decisive evidence we could hardly believe it to have been written by the same man. . . . The truth is, however, that during the twelve years which elapsed between the two works there was completed that vast social and intellectual revolution which’, &c., and, taking the doctor as his text, he debates for some pages on his instructive conversion from superstition to science.

<sup>1</sup> The Works of Sir Thomas Browne. Edited by Charles Sayle. Vol. I. London: Grant Richards. 8s. 6d. net.

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The wide ocean of Buckle's learning is usually limpid, and the happy voyager on its shallow waters may see the bottom; but in this case the obstacle is a dirt which he is likely to overlook—a strange error which can best be accounted for by supposing that Buckle was here triumphantly enlarging upon some old record of a hasty impression. For examination of the two books does not justify his assertion. Doctor Thomas Browne was a mass of superstition, and his *Religio Medici* being concerned with religion, offered, it is true, abundant examples of it to the skeptic's anger; but it is a man characteristic of that book that it is the outspoken opinions of a layman on a subject on which private opinion was forbidden. However orthodox its general conclusions, the method is that of free-thought, and the right to free-thought is practically assumed; and it was this that called attention to it and added its success. Hence Protestants doubted whether its lucubrations were those of a Quaker or of a Papist; Salmasius would not recommend it to a foreign publisher on account of its 'exorbitant conceptions in religion', the Catholic Digby complained of the 'airy-ness of the fancy', and the Pope put it on the Index; but on the other hand the later book, the *Pseudodoxia*, which Buckle so praises, this, while it pretends to be scientific, is loaded with

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*theological lumber and disgraced by unscientific method; and, tho' the choice of subject may probably be ascrib'd to a change in the intellectual atmosphere—indeed I do not doubt that it was suggested to Browne by the opening pages of the Discours de la Méthode which had appear'd in 1637, and that it represents his foolish idea of what Descartes meant by getting rid of false notions—yet the book reveals the author to be a more superstitious and inept thinker than any man would have guessed from his earlier work; in which the subject was mystical and the fancy more allowable. I should myself say that if the scientific Inquiry had been the first book and the Religio the second, Mr. Buckle's contention would have been as tenable.*

*The Religio and part of the Inquiry constitute the first instalment of a new edition of Sir Thomas Browne's works now being published by Mr. Grant Richards, with Mr. Charles Sayle for editor; and if any possessor of the first volume should wish to read the Pseudodoxia, it is possible that the question here mooted may supply him with an interest which he might otherwise lack to carry him thru'. But in case he should still, as is likely, be deterred by the follies of Adam and Eve and the drugginess of the lodestone, I would recommend him by no means to omit the perusal of the disquisitions on pages 308 to 321, as to*

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*whether elephants hav joints in their limbs and whether doves hav gall-bladders. These (and he may find others) are inimitable gems of fatuity well worthy to be reprinted; and, as Dr. Browne so seldom provides his reader with any occasion for merriment, they shud not be neglected.*

*And to turn Buckle's reflection about, it is a matter for wonder that a man who wrote those chapters shud hav produced a book which went the round of Europe and is now recognis'd as an English classic. The fact has to be accounted for; and remembering what the author tells us, that he wrote it when he was at the end of his twenties, and for his own direction, we may assume the efficient causes to hav been something of this kind: First, a strong literary ambition which was enthrall'd by the example of Montaigne; secondly, a wide miscellaneous reading and studious habits, which so far fitted him for imitating his model; and, thirdly, a happy moment of young enthusiasm to kindle his rhetoric, a moment in which all his experience and knowledge alike seem'd to grow consistently into a satisfying view of life and morals, vividly appearing and eagerly embraced—such a vision as all young thinkers hav known, a heavenly inspiration full of dream-beauty, a spiritual revelation on the mountain top of philosophy, a conviction which seems eternal but*

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*which vanishes again as quickly as it came, 'melting into air, into thin air'. One need not ask how long the vision lasted with the young doctor, how much he retained of it, or how far his subsequent presentations of it were due to habit, to memory, or to mere literary vanity; it is evident that his book was the outcome of some such enthusiasm, and that it is to the conviction which inspired its rhetoric that it owes its vitality.*

For my part, tho' I can admire it, I have never found it readable except piecemeal. There are good thoughts, fine phrases, and, as I said, a warmth of enthusiasm; yet something holds you off, and it does not give me the genuine pleasure with which I read Montaigne. The fact is that the rôle of *pédant à la cavalière* does not suit Browne; it is nothing without gait, and Browne is triste; at least he is very triste to me. I grant that it is impossible to disentangle a warm and kindly humor entirely from imaginative wit, because some intellects will be warmed by the mere tickling of wit, if it only be sharp enough; the prickling simulates heat—as a dry skin may take a pleasurable sensation from a stinging-nettle; and humor, as we call it, must plainly have different boundaries to different minds. But that warm-hearted contentment of a serious intellect fully sympathetic with human nature, the

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communication of which is the real charm and only true success of such an attempt as Browne made, is absent from his rhetoric. It is the possession of this quality, which tho' exhibited by rhetoric must be rooted in the soul, that makes Montaigne's book so attractive to men and so annoying to philosophers, who lament the *sed* rhetoric triumphing easily where reason stumbles; and even in Montaigne the pedantry and egotism become at last wearisome, and just as every page of Browne is new at a time, so every or two essays of the *Maire* of Bordeaux ask for an interval. And yet the Frenchman is quite successful, the pleasure that he gives is real and abiding, and every return to him, after the necessary intervals, again and again throu' out life. Moreover, not only is Browne's temper of a coarser sort and his matter clumsier and less vary'd, but his art is deficient; it is almost always too palpable, sometimes even to a suspicion of insincerity, and occasionally the ornament of a sentence wounds the justness of a fancy. He was at bottom a superstitious, hard nature, with crost sympathies; and it is, alas! recorded of him that in his sixtieth year he gave expert evidence in the trial of two miserable women for witchcraft, and that throu' his pitiful pseudodoxy they were convicted of being in league with the devil. Now what wud Mr. Buckle hav sed to thatt?

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*The Religio Medici* has a curious history. The book was written about 1635, and Browne tells us that it was not intended for the press, but circulated in MS. among his friends. In 1642 two surreptitious editions of it from an unauthorised publisher appeared; and in 1643 an authorised edition, with a preface by the author which has ever since been printed with it, disclaiming the spurious edition and any animadversions that it might call forth.

There is no reason to doubt Browne's statements. That the book circulated in MS. five or six copies are extant to witness; and he may have had nothing actively to do with the first issues. But we need not believe that he meant exactly what he said, any more than Montaigne did, when in the preface to his first *Essays* he protested that they were intended for his friends. Such an attitude is the natural reserve of good manners in the delivery of personal confessions which pride would not offer to those whom we would take them amiss: and both were no doubt honestly gratified by their wide welcome: and if the book which Browne had intended for select reading had to be disclaimed and recast for the public when it could no longer be withheld from them, then we should expect to find important alterations in the acknowledged version. But, as a matter of fact, the revised text appeared from the same publisher

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*with the same printing and frontispice, and tho' the corrections are pretty numerous, they are of little or no importance. Indr'd, it is to be regretted that Browne did not take the opportunity of amending himself where he had good occasion to do so. There is in his book a passage on marriage which he shud hav been ashamed of. It was written presumably in 1635, and in 1641 he marry'd a wife who brought him twelve children and surviv'd him. Now if Browne in 1635 spoke from experience, that very experience incapacitated him from speaking at all, at least as a teacher; and if without experience, then his marriage shud hav taught him better. It is an insufferable irreverence, an insult such as humanity suffers more and more from literature; but it is perhaps a necessity of all mysteries that they shud be discuss'd only by those who are excluded from them—and he at least spares us that mere squabble of notions which most delight the vulgar.*

*That Browne did not virtually alter his book may in some measure justify the present editor from not noticing these facts. But it wud hav been well worth while to hav set his readers at ease upon the matter, and it is to be hop'd that in the final volume he wil hav some notes in which he wil indulge them with this and other necessary information.*

# XIX

GEORGE SANTAYANA

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*The Dial*

*November 1920*

## XIX

GEORGE SANTAYANA

THE title of this book, *Little Essays*,<sup>1</sup> is in won respect just and discriptiv: eny won whow has a taste for short essays wil fınd a good first provıdđ for him; the promis of comprıhensiv and balanced thavt is fulfil'd, while for craftsmanship in diction and stıle, without which an essay is unworthy of its name, this author may take rank amon our best wrıters. But in another respect the title is dıceptiv, and a rıder may be surprıs'd tu fınd a complete system of filosofy sprıng vpon him, convey'd with a skill quıte remarkable in literary art; for while the essays can well hold their own as detachd disquısi-tions on special subjects, they form a catına of thavt which hangs logically tıgether, exposıng a rational filosofy in a skıme so carefully contrıb'd that even the necessary definitions of doubtful terms—imagination, reason, perception, and the lıke—are redily supplı'd without eny appearance of mashınerıe as soon as the rıder begıns tu need them.

The book has, therefore, twow cleıms, literary and

<sup>1</sup> *Little Essays*. Drawn from the writings of George Santayana, by Logan Pearsall Smith. (Constable, 12s. 6d.)

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*filosofical; and, as it may be guessed from the preface that it was the literary element that first gave occasion for publication, so this will be perhaps the first to attract attention: for altho' the earlier philosophers of the English school were punctilious scribes and proud of their pens, and most of them masters in their manner, their tradition has been ill maintained, so that, in spite of some brilliant exceptions, we are not now accustomed to look for even complacent dignity or severity of style in a philosophic treatise, much less to expect a prose which is delightful for its own sake. Indeed it has been said that George Santayana has imperilled the recognition of his philosophy by the fine robes in which he has consistently presented it; and that his readers have been distracted from the sincerity and depth of his purpose by the perpetual flow of his eloquence, his rich vocabulary, and the pleasant cadences of his sentences, with their abounding imagery, incisive epigrams, and jovial humor. Epigram and humor are indeed dangerous tools; but have should an honest philosopher forgo humor? Humor, as it seems to me, is the natural courtesy which passes between our instinct and our reason. The conscious and subconscious mind are like two men of different nationalities who have long lodged together in the same house, and from not*

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knowing each other's spirit have been reduced to expressing their sympathy and goodwill by bowing and smiling to each other on the stairs. They mutually recognize that they understand the awkwardness of the situation, and they good-humoredly make the best of it: as our author somewhere says, 'A well-bred instinct meets reason half-way'; and if it is anything like this, how can their own recognition of their own status be denied its place in an honest treatment of human life? Because it is playful perhaps or too amusing, and philosophic seriousness not feeling quite sure of its pretentious dignity cannot venture near a joke. And it is true that, as there are occasions which forbid trifling, there are also thinkers so incapable of levity of any sort that they cannot laugh without dishonoring themselves. William Cowper was as convinced of sin as St. Paul was, and confessedly far more despondent of salvation than he; but if among the authentic remains of the Apostle's writings a ballad in the manner of John Gilpin had come down to us, what should we think of his Epistle to the Galatians? I have not detected Mr. Santayana in abusing his humor: he exercises it chiefly when dealing with barbarism and vulgarity, or in exploding the fallacies (as he holds them to be) of those schools of thought to which he is essentially opposed, or, again, on those rare occasions

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*When he relaxes to speak of himself. No won reading his account of Kant wud wish that he had shurt'd his satiric weapons, for on thatt topic he is quite as amusing as Heine. (He does not feel kindly towards dialectical systems, and says somewhere that such filosofers dō not proceed as honest serchers after truth wud, but much rather like lawyers whō labur to make the best of a case to which they are profesionally committed. To me such filosofies hav seem'd like the scollboy's definition of a net, 'A lot of holes tied together with string'. Whatever may be thavht of Mr. Santayana's meshis, it must be granted that his string is a fyne silk. Here is an example:*

*'Since the ideal has this perpetual pertinence to mortal struggles, he who lives in the ideal and leaves it expressed in society or in art enjoys a double immortality. The eternal has absorbed him while he lived, and when he is dead his influence brings others to the same absorption, making them, through that ideal identity with the best in him, reincarnations and perennial seats of all in him which he could rationally hope to rescue from destruction. He can say, without any subterfuge or desire to delude himself, that he shall not*

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*wholly die; for he will have a better notion than the vulgar of what constitutes his being. By becoming the spectator and confessor of his own death and of universal mutation, he will have identified himself with what is spiritual in all spirits and masterful in all apprehension; and so conceiving himself, he may truly feel and know that he is eternal.*—Page 106.

In reading this extract it requires some attention to dispel the impression that we are dealing with a platonist; indeed, for the manner and the vocabulary it might be a translation of some passage in the Socratic dialogues: but whatever inspiration the author may owe to Plato for his particular doctrine of ideas, he recognizes Spinoza and Democritus for his immediate masters, and his philosophy might perhaps be described as a building up of idealism—that is, the supremacy of the imagination—on a naturalistic or materialistic basis. Mr. Santayana takes man as he 'is known' to be from observation and experience, accepting all that is convincing in skepticism, and all that he deems proven in mechanical physics; and this may be called a basis of 'common sense': and in thus renouncing what is termed 'Epistemology' he incurs the reproach of materialism. How far he would himself accept

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*and allow this description of his thought must be judg'd from his own statements in the fifth and last division of this book, which is entitled On Materialism and Morals. And materialism is a questionable label: if the word 'matter' had chang'd its form as much as it has chang'd its connotation, not a'll the Grimms of Germany cud ever hav discover'd laws muf tu enable a filologist tu identify it.*

*With this reliance on common sense the riddle of consciousness givs our author no trouble:*

*'Nothing is more natural than that animals should feel and think. The relation of mind to body, of reason to nature, seems to be actually this: when bodies have reached a certain complexity and vital equilibrium, a sense begins to inhabit them which is focussed upon the preservation of that body and on its reproduction. To separate things so closely bound together as are mind and body, reason and nature, is a violent and artificial divorce, and a man of judgment will instinctively discredit any philosophy in which it is decreed.'*—Page 15.

*Reason, which follows consciousness upon the scene, harmonizes the various instincts and impulses, and establishes*

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an ideal of good—that is, it corrects instinct by experience 'with a view to attaining the greatest satisfaction of which our nature is capable' (page 121). It is 'essentially subsidiary' (page 179), 'in the service of a finite organization' (page 226), and it becomes 'the ultimate conscience' (page 243).

There is, perhaps, the same difficulty in Santayana as in Spinoza of reconciling the religious attitude with the metaphysical or philosophical tenets. In both of them Christ is the wisdom of God and also merely a supreme offspring of human imagination: and for many a like notion the later philosopher seems to me to deserve from the papal Curia no better treatment than Spinoza got from the Synagog. I have been confidentially inform'd that within the Roman Church (to which our author owes allegiance) such freedom of thought is allow'd to its members, but not the promulgation of it. If there is still space for another name on the index librorum expurgandorum, I should judge that Professor Santayana has qualify'd for whatever distinction it may yet confer. I was myself much comforted in so to see opinions so similar to my own so frankly advocated by a son of the Church; because since I edited the poems of Digby Dolben and Gerard Hopkins I have been assail'd by the animadversions

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of Roman Catholic journals. 'Bridges était déjà très éloigné du Christianisme' is a phrase which still echoes in my household. I was frighten'd to see my defenceless name pursu'd by such a thick arrowy flight of accents grave and acute; and that little amateur excommunication was but the best plum in a good pie. But I was perplexed when the other day an eminent English writer reprocht me for being so blindly devoted to Christianity as to be unable to sympathize with other religions; and he held up for my example my two great predecessors in office, Wordsworth and Tennyson, who (so he asserted) were not Christians, très éloignés du Christianisme; and this gentleman's view was, I take it, the same with that of another writer—whom I as highly esteem for his talent as I pity him for the misfortune he fell into when he contractid to write my 'life' without even any acquaintance with its more materials—who describ'd me, I believe, as a child of the English Prayer Book: while only the other day an American Professor again upbreidid me for my 'incredible parochialism of outlook'; as if because a man wud strein out a pope he must swallow a Reform'd Church! I wittingly filch an inch or two of my allotted space in this Journal to make a public acknowledgment of gratitude to my mentors.

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*Of religion, about which there is much in these essays, Santayana has this eloquent vindication:*

*'There must needs be something humane and necessary in an influence that has become the most general sanction of virtue, the chief occasion for art and philosophy, and the source, perhaps, of the best human happiness.'*—Page 47.

*His philosophical examination of Christianity is full, and he does not profess faith in its universal acceptance:*

*'The sciences are necessarily allies, but religions, like languages, are necessarily rivals. What religion a man shall have is a historical accident, quite as much as what language he shall speak. . . . The attempt to speak without speaking any particular language is not more hopeless than the attempt to have a religion that shall be no religion in particular. A courier's or a dragoman's speech. . . . So travellers from one religion to another, people who have lost their spiritual nationality, may often retain a neutral and confused residuum of belief, which they may egregiously regard as the essence of all religion, so little may they remember the graciousness and naturalness of that*

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*ancestral accent which a perfect religion should have.'*

—Page 48.

*In his essay on Protestantism he says many shrewd and some unexpected things of it:*

*'Protestantism has the unmistakable character of a genuine religion. . . . It is in correspondence with the actual ideals and instincts of the believer.'*—

Page 82.

*'It is a religion of pure spontaneity, of emotional freedom, deeply respecting itself, but scarcely deciphering its purposes. . . . It mistakes vitality, both in itself and in the universe, for spiritual life.'*—

Page 80.

*He seems to think its connection with Christianity to be accidental: it is a purely Teutonic product; and, as he never shrinks from his conclusions:*

*'This underlying Teutonic mood, which we must call Protestantism for lack of a better name, is anterior to Christianity and can survive it.'*

*His contrast between the spirit of Protestantism and the spirit of the Gospel is uncompromising and as disconcerting*

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as Mr. Barlow's (that is, Mr. Day's) *harang* in Sandford and Merton: but when he speaks of the philosophy of modern Germany as a development, a very flower of Protestantism, we feel that he is assuming too summarily what the essence of these 'ideas' really is, and we would disallow his major premiss. We might assert, per contra, that Protestant London in the nineteenth century was more essentially Christian than Catholic Rome was in the fifteenth; and are there not hundreds of thousands, nay, millions of Protestants in England and Germany, to say nothing of America, who have held, in the main, to the Gospel and to Christian life without danger of any taint from this Teutonic philosophy? Again, when he says that Protestantism nowadays 'bids fair to apply itself to social life', may not that be an essential fruit of the Gospel? It is conceivable that time may yet show that these men—très éloignés du Christianisme, as he holds them to be, and its possible survivors—these very men were the carriers of it. And when they would have thrust him down from the hill whereon their city was built, he escaped out of their hands.

This essay ends with a brilliant dictum which sums up our aspect of the Reformation unforgettably:

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*'The symptoms have been cured and the disease driven in.'*

He does not fail to point out that Christianity was an Oriental 'idea', and was not naturaliz'd in Europe without a considerable dilution of paganism; and this because

*'The Oriental mind has no middle. It oscillates between extremes, and passes directly from sense to mysticism and back again.'*

How well this expression illuminates our repugnance towards the forms in which Oriental art has figur'd the gods of Indian mythology! It is a good example of the pleasure which this author can give. Such dicta and aphorisms are on every page, and yet they never crowd:

*'If pain could have cured us, we should long ago have been saved.'*

*'That life is worth living is the most necessary of assumptions, and were it not assumed, the most impossible of conclusions.'*

To set such things together jostling in a row is to take the freshness out of them. They flow from the writer just where they have full force:

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*'Plasticity loves new moulds because it can fill them, but for a man of sluggish mind and bad manners there is no place like home.'*

For an example of his stedy pueris, a section from *The Knowledge of Character* may be taken. It gives incidentally his estimate of Rousseau:

*'If Rousseau, for instance, after writing those Confessions in which candour and ignorance of self are equally conspicuous, had heard some intelligent friend like Hume draw up in a few words an account of their author's true and contemptible character, he would have been loud in protestations that no such ignoble characteristics existed in his eloquent consciousness; and they might not have existed there, because his consciousness was a histrionic thing, and as imperfect an expression of his own nature as of man's. When the mind is irrational no practical purpose is served by stopping to understand it, because such a mind is irrelevant to practice, and the principles that guide the man's practice can be as well understood by eliminating his mind altogether. So a wise governor ignores his subjects' religion or concerns himself only with its economic and temperamental aspects; if the real*

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*forces that control life are understood, the symbols that represent those forces in the mind may be disregarded. But such a government, like that of the British in India, is more practical than sympathetic. While wise men may endure it for the sake of their material interests, they will never love it for itself. There is nothing sweeter than to be sympathised with, while nothing requires a rarer intellectual heroism than willingness to see one's equation written out.'*

*Sixty pages are devoted to Religion and forty-four to Art (that is, esthetics or the fine arts) and Poetry; then follow sixty pages on Poets and Philosophers, in which religion again comes in for a good deal of handling; and its prominence in the book is the account of its prominence here.*

*A system of philosophy which sets out to establish a high spiritual ideal of life on the basis of the emotions will take its most persuasive support from the idea of beauty; whence the section on Art (that is, esthetic) must be of primary importance. In the wider sense of the term we should say that Religion, Morals, and Aesthetics are, all of them, branches of Art—it is to be wished that journalists would give over using the word Art for Painting; it is more*

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slang)—and tho' the Aristotelian supremacy of politics is acknowledg'd, there is in this book comparatively little discussion of its scientific branches; or I shud say that my reading gave me the impression that social development was deferr'd in subordination to individual perfection.

The æsthetic section I shall represent by typical quotations, which wil be better than any attempted summary: but I confess that this method is also the resource of despair, for the subject is overwhelming, and any won of these seventeen little essays wud provide sufficient matter for a whole review: but I may venture a few remarks.

Morals, so Mr. Santayana holds, requires only the harmony of rich life, and that harmony is the same as happiness and wisdom. Aesthetic has to be limited by prudence or utility in the interests of happiness: thus the fine arts are 'superficial superadded activities' (page 122).

Accordingly as this harmony is induced in a man he wil clarify his ideals, and may even come to a vision of perfection. Such moments of inspiration are the source of 'the arts', and a work of art is the monument of such a moment (pages 125, 129).

And here we are suddenly confronted by an essay entitled Stars. What is this? It wud seem that, the 'ideal'

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*having been resolv'd into a balance of relativities, it is necessary to look abroad for some more stable foundation, and it is askt whether the beauty of the starry heavens has not a sensuous character which is sublime in itself (page 127): and so the next essay is on Music, because music makes excursions into ultra-mundane regions, and reveals delicacies of feeling which in ordinary life are not isolated or perceiv'd, and, in giving them definit form, may be said to create them, and thus, like the stars, proves that something 'non-relative is very near the heart' (page 135). It is possible that the selected essays are not wholly explicit at this point:*

*'That art is prima facie and in itself a good can not be doubted. It is a spontaneous activity, and that settles the question. In the actual disarray of human life and desire, wisdom consists in knowing what goods to sacrifice and what simples to pour into the supreme mixture. The extent to which aesthetic values are allowed to colour the resultant of highest good is a point of great theoretic importance not only for art but for general philosophy.'*—Page III.

*'Beauty gives men the best hint of ultimate good which their experience as yet can offer; and the most*

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*lauded geniuses have been poets, as if people felt that those seers, rather than men of action or thought, had lived ideally and known what was worth knowing. That such should be the case, if the fact be admitted, would indeed prove the rudimentary state of human civilization. The truly comprehensive life should be the statesman's.*—Page 113.

*'When we consider further the senseless rivalries, the vanities, the ignominy that reign in the "practical" world, how doubly blessed it becomes to find a sphere where limitation is an excellence, where diversity is a beauty, and where every man's ambition is consistent with every other man's and even favourable to it.'*—Page 114.

*'Art supplies constantly to contemplation what nature seldom affords in concrete experience—the union of life and peace.'*—Page 115.

*'To criticize art on moral grounds is to pay it a high compliment by assuming that it aims to be adequate, and is addressed to a comprehensive mind. The only way in which art could disallow such criticism would be to protest its irresponsible infancy, and admit that it was a more or less amiable blatancy in individuals, and not art at all.'*—Page 117.

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*'The value of art lies in the making people happy.'*  
—Page 119.

*'If Sybaris is so sad a name to the memory—and who is without some Sybaris of his own?—if the image of it is so tormenting and in the end so disgusting, this is not because we no longer think its marbles bright, its fountains cool, its athletes strong, or its roses fragrant; but because, mingled with all these supreme beauties there is the ubiquitous shade of Nemesis, the sense of a vacant will and a suicidal inhumanity. The intolerableness of this moral condition poisons the beauty which continues to be felt.'*—Page 120.

*'Nothing but the good of life enters into the texture of the beautiful.'*—Page 123.

*'No atheism is so terrible as the absence of an ultimate ideal, nor could any failure of power be more contrary to human nature than the failure of moral imagination, or more incompatible with healthy life. For we have faculties, and habits, and impulses. These are the basis of our demands. And these demands, although variable, constitute an ever-present intrinsic standard of value by which we feel and judge. The ideal is immanent in them; for the ideal means that environment in which our faculties would find*

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*their freest employment and their most congenial world.*—Page 124.

*Such sound and convincing teaching is much needed. Here are a few extracts from the essays on Literature:*

*'To turn events into ideas is the function of literature. . . . It looks at natural things with an incorrigibly dramatic eye, turning them into permanent unities (which they never are) and almost into persons, grouping them by their imaginative or moral affinities and retaining in them chiefly what is incidental to their being, namely, the part they may chance to play in man's adventures.'*—Page 138.

*'It comes to clarify the real world, not to encumber it . . . it can not long forget, without forfeiting all dignity, that it serves a burdened and perplexed creature, a human animal struggling to persuade the universal Sphinx to propose a more intelligible riddle.'*—Page 139.

*'Our logical thoughts dominate experience only as the parallels and meridians make a checker-board of the sea. They guide our voyage without controlling the waves, which toss for ever in spite of our ability to ride over them to our chosen ends.'*—Page 148.

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*'To the art of working well a civilized race would add the art of playing well.'*—Page 154.

The next section of the book is on Poets and Philosophers, and to many readers it is likely to be the most attractive, for the estimates are plainspoken and very pointed with their exact diction and exultant humor. Admirers of Robert Browning will be disgusted; on the other hand, lovers of Dante should be satisfied, for he is set on a high pedestal. Mr. Santayana thinks that Lucretius and Dante took the right view of a poet's function. Professor Royce once told me, when talking of the position of philosophy in America, that the function of a philosopher was so understood there that he found that he was expected 'to emotionalize the district'. It is Mr. Santayana's opinion that it is the function of poetry to emotionalize philosophy; and that the great poem must be the æsthetic exposition of a complete theory of human life, so far as that is understood; and that there is therefore at present a finer opportunity for a great poet than the world has hitherto offered.

Since Dante's view of the situation is nowadays exploded, and indeed was already somewhat old-fashioned in his own day, it would follow—tho' Mr. Santayana does

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not say so—that his poem must now be obsolete: but I could not think that I am less enthralled by his poetry than his first hearers were; I should say that 'its loveliness increases'. And, again, *Paradise Lost*, when it was new, was admired for its justification of the ways of God to man, and yet the admiration of those first admirers is far transcended by our own, altho' we set by its argument as absurd, and love the poetry in spite of it—unless it should be true that the poetry gains by its romantic abstraction from the actual accidents of present conditions: whence I should conclude that poetry will use philosophy rather than be used by it. But such a poem as Mr. Santayana describes and foretells, if ever it should be written, will necessarily be written by a great poet, and he will write good poetry.

From these subjects we pass to the final section of the book, headed *Materialism and Morals*, and whatever summary the author allows us of his system may be looked for here.

It would be presumptuous in me to attempt to criticize Professor Santayana's philosophy, and my readers will probably rejoice with me that I cannot undertake it; but I can avouch that his system justifies itself pragmatically as a vehicle for lucid discourse; and if things are to be judged, as he would have them, by their human values, this book

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*shud go far tu accredit it; for the lucidity with which the spiritual interests of life are handled in these essays can not easily be rival'd: certainly I know of no vther book in which ther is so much teachin of things that English people need tu lern, nor where the teachin is so genial, persuasin, and perspicuous, and so free from the flaws of fashionable prejudice and false sentiment. The philosophy, as I vnderstand it, is very consonant with mi own thavht: ther is no pretence of hidin the unsolv'd riddle of life. The Sphinx lurks in a'll systems; different schools only hosle her from pillar tu post, and if she is tu be driven intu eny corner where her presence is obvius, her best refuge is in the unsearchable atom. And this is an honest method than thatt of dismemberin her and seekin tu hide her mutilated fragments by dispersal, as a piano-tuner wil distribute the error of his wulf a'll vp and down the scale: for whatever immaterial agency ther may be, or even shud we come tu be convinced that a'll vltimat agency was immaterial, our minds wud be vnable tu conceive of its mode of action except in material terms.*

*I remember the story of a skipper, the old servant of a mercantile firm, who respected him as their most experienced and trustworthy agent. He was fond of horse*

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exerciſe, and whenever he brought his ſhip into port, which happen'd very frequently in thoſe days of ſhort col-ſtorag, he wud enjoy a day's ridin, and charge the hire of his hack on the ſhip's bills. Won day when he had preſented his accounts before the Bord ſome Chriſparers objected, and the Chieirman was conſtrein'd tu remonſtrate with the captun and explein that the Bord regretted that they had no authority tu ſuppl̃ him with maunts at the expenſe of the ſhareholders. The ſkipper bow'd tu their deciſon, and at their next intervuw was thankd and congratulatd on his prompt attention tu their inſtructions, 'And we are glad tu ſee, Captan Davidson, that the horſe no longer appears in yor accounts'. 'No, gentlemen', repl̃'d the ſkipper, 'he no longer appears, but, tho' yow mayn't ſee him, he's there.'



## XX

### THE GLAMOUR OF GRAMMAR

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## XX

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WHEN, eihrt yærſ ago, Dr. Henry Bradley bravht awt hiſ masterly little text-bæk The Making of English, he wrøkt up tu the margin of a most interestinſ question which ley bryond hiſ skærne. Thatt question iſ—Hav may the riſe of nrw wrdſ, and of nrw mænninſ of wrdſ, be consider'd from a pſychological point of vrw? Whyle the grammatical and etymological investigation showſ only the lawſ of their external formſ, the pſychological examination ſhud giv the intellectual and emotional hiſtory of the pruple. This branch of the ſciēce of languag haſ come tu be cæll'd Sæmantics, or Sæmuſiology; and Mr. Pearsall Smith haſ naw written a bæk<sup>1</sup> the latter part of which iſ an attractiv popular introduction tu English Sæmantics. In the first part of hiſ bæk he iſ on the ſame grund wih Dr. Bradley. . . . Hiſ method iſ, however, different; for, wheraſ Dr. Bradley took the actual accidence aſ data, and, showinſ how its formſ aroſe and vary'd, waſ able tu rolve the hiſtory from them, Mr. Pearsall Smith, on the vðier hand, takes awr national hiſtory wih the accuſtom'd dutes and pæriodſ

<sup>1</sup> The English Language. By Logan Pearsall Smith. Home University Library of Modern Knowledge. (Williams and Norgate. 1s. net.).

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as his basis. This part of his work, tho' even as a textbook it must be content to hold a second place beside Dr. Bradley's, is written with great ease and literary skill, and altogether escapes the dryness and dullness which usually pervade grammatical summaries. But for a sample of his style we will give an extract from the later and more original part of his work. He is speaking of the influx of religious words in the period from John to Edward I, and he writes thus:—

'The earlier of these represent Catholicism more in its formal and outward aspect; but shortly after the coming of the preaching friars to England, when the effects of the great religious revival of the Continent were brought home to the villagers and poor townsfolk, we find other words representing the inward and personal aspect of religious faith—devotion, pity, patience, comfort, anguish, conscience, purity, salvation. These words we may call, not perhaps too fantastically, "early Gothic" words, as their introduction coincides in date with the great churches, such as Salisbury Cathedral, and the great monastic houses, which were then being erected in what is called the "Early English" period of Gothic architecture.'

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*This is a model of text-book writing. It is at once illuminating, attractive, and mnemonic; nor will the book disappoint those who judge it from this quotation.*

Dr. Bradley, as every one knows, took a very optimistic view of our language, and we are glad to find that Mr. Pearsall Smith faithfully reproduces his attitude, because respect for the language is the first condition of good practice. But in his praise of the 'group-genitive' he seems to have misunderstood a passage in Dr. Bradley's book. The example there was 'The Duke of Devonshire's house', and such a group was pronounced to be 'a useful addition to the resources of the language'. 'Colloquially [added Dr. Bradley] this practice is carried to quite grotesque extremes. We hear occasionally such sentences as "That was the man I met at Birmingham's idea".' Now Mr. Pearsall Smith says—"In colloquial speech we can even use a phrase such as "The man I saw yesterday's hat"; and he leaves the reader to imagine that this is sound colloquial English. It is, of course, a grotesque barbarity, productive only of absurdities and ambiguities; and these are the natural result of all kinds of neglect of grammatical construction. The colloquial omission of the relative pronoun, which is now so common even in our highest-eimed poetry and prose, needs to be warned against, for it tends

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*tu make nonsense-groups of words. The simplification of our grammar, which these writers so much belaud, has won great disadvantage—namely, that the identity of form in many of our nouns, verbs, and adjectives, together with the absence of any accident to determine grammatical relations, is apt to make nonsense-groups, and it needs much attention and skill to avoid these. This state of things is peculiar to English, being consequent on the boasted peculiarity of our simplified grammar; and if a feeling for the language should enable us to avoid these awkwardnesses, yet a rule might be absolutely laid down that no part of a sentence nor contiguous parts of two consecutive sentences should, if isolated from their context, make an ambiguity or nonsense by themselves. It seems to us that there is yet a chance for 'whom' and for other grammatical conveniences that the last generation has tried to banish from common talk. It is an old observation in the history of words that examples return; low born or high born, there are many patiently waiting their opportunity, like the democratic and oligarchical parties in the cities of ancient Greece; those whom won revolution drives out the next will bring back; and they have plenty of old friends at home ready to welcome them. Mr. Pearsall Smith shows how the Romantic movement*

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reintroduced a number of what we may call exil'd aristocrats; and just now it is plainly the fashion to recall many of the other party. We are inclin'd to believe that a very slight gust of fashion might restore to our speech the old vocaliz'd inflexion of the plural in such words as *fist*, *wrist*, *frost*, and *post* (and, if so, then many less clamorous outcasts with them), which we now inconveniently clip, and that we might come to say *frostës* and *postës*, as our gardeners do. These old forms, which are still prevalent among countrymen, are better words, both rarer and actually shorter to speak than the unpronounceable monosyllables that, having taken their place, straw their cacophonies broadcast over our best literature. Only the other day we met with *flamës*, in wown of Mr. Maschfield's poems, if we are not mistaken, and it gave us unmitigated pleasure. It just to be vulgarly supposed that our dialectal country speech was degraded; but now that every child knows that it is merely ancient it will not be so utterly scorn'd. Nor can our distance from those older forms be measur'd by time, for—as Mr. Pearsall Smith says:—

'We are probably now much nearer to Chaucer, not only in our understanding of his age, but also in our

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*comprehension of his language, than our ancestors were in Dryden's time . . . and Shakespeare and Spenser are much more easily comprehended by us than by the men of letters who were born not many years after the death of these great poets.'*

Interesting and diverting as etymology is, it is perhaps something of a literary first to make a truly readable book out of matter that is so detached and miscellaneous and apt to run off into blind alleys. The tradition which a mere gathering of isolated facts will occasion appears in Mr. Weekley's new book, *The Romance of Words*,<sup>1</sup> wherein he has attempted to grasp what may be call'd the curiosities of etymology. This book is not intended to be read on end; the author offers it 'for the amusement of occasional leisure'; and if we found it so amusing that we could not put it down until satiety disagreeably overcame us, thatt can hardly be imputed to him for a fault. The index shows that some 2,000 words are dealt with in 190 pages, so that the compression is somewhat severe; we think that condensation is a snare in this subject, and regret it the more in Mr. Weekley's book because his brevity may

<sup>1</sup> *The Romance of Words*. By Ernest Weekley. (Murray, 3s. 6d. net.).

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sometimes misled. Thus, on page 8 we find, 'The mizen-mast is the rearmost of three, but the Fr. *mât de misaine* is the foremast, and both come from Ital. *mezzana*, which means "middle".' An average reader is led to conclude that *mezzana* originally meant the mizen-mast in a three-masted vessel; but there is no authority for this, nor does Mr. Weekley either state it or mean it. *Mezzana* may have been the name of a sort of tré-seil, and the mast that carry'd it may be nam'd from it. But the sentence in the book looks as if the author was making an amusing point by a *suppressio veri*. In Grandpré's old *Répertoire polyglotte de la Marine*, the author wouldly conjectures that '*Ce mot qu'on devrait écrire mizène*' is deriv'd from *Misenus*, the companion of *Æneas* in *Virgil*:—

'Le nom de misaine est un hommage que l'antique tradition rendit au trompette d'Enée qui donna aussi son nom au cap près duquel il fut enterré. Pour savoir qui a raison dans l'emplacement de ce mot, il faudrait savoir où se tenait le trompette du général, tout porte à croire que Palimure se tenait au gouvernail et Mizène à la proue; et dans ce cas, nous aurions mieux placé son mât que les Anglais.'

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*On page 40 in an interesting section we read:—*

*'Certain Christian names are curiously associated with stupidity. . . . English has, or had, in the sense of "fool" the words ninny, nickum, noddy, zany. . . . Nickum and noddy are probably for Nicodemus or Nicholas, both of which are used in French for a fool. . . . Noddy-peak, ninny-hammer, nickum-poop, now nincompoop, seem to be arbitrary elaborations.'*

Nickum seems finally to discredit the well-known suggestion that nincompoop is connected with non-compos. We gratefully accept Nickum, but whence comes 'poop'? Poop is us'd commonly by scallboys for a stupid fellow, and whether it be abbreviated from nincompoop, or have a possibly independent origin, the use of it proves an inherent propriety, and it turns up again in lirrypoop. Now, we shud wish to urge that this inherent propriety, whether or not suggested in this case by non-compos, was the cause of the form of the word; and we have chosen this example in order to lend up to a general remark. Both Dr. Bradley and Mr. Pearsall Smith are well on their guard against fanciful assumptions, and it is probably out of caution that they under-

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*estimat, as it seems to us, the 'emotional connotation' of some words as the cause of their form. Dr. Bradley goes so far as to say, 'There is something in the sound of a word that fits it to receive an "emotional connotation,"' and we have borrow'd his expression; but if we should ever say that such and such a word is suggestiv of its object, we are generally assur'd by the psychologist that the sympathy between the two is imagin'd and has grown up from association. It cannot be deny'd that this may sometimes be the case, but the other real condition must be very frequent. It is the fact that words are bandy'd about in various forms and that their forms change, and that certain forms prove vital and are selected; and it is surely the same sense which molds and selects them that recognizes their propriety when selected. If we feel poop to have an emotional connotation and recognize it as being admirably expressiv of 'fool', no doubt it was for that very reason that the word arose and remain'd. Mr. Pearsall Smith follows Dr. Bradley in classifying some of the simplest suggestions of certain vowels and consonants; these elementary data are convincing, and tho' the subject is liable to fanciful errors, yet its scientific basis is very secure. We have not done justice to Mr. Weekley's book. For a sample of its treasures we will transcribe from*

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*it the gloss on the word Lümmel in Ludwig's dictionary:—*

*'Lümmel. A long lubber, a lazy lubber, a slouch, a lordant, a lordane, a looby, a booby, a tony, a fop, a dunce, a simpleton, a wise-acre, a sot, a logger-head, a blockhead, a nickam poop, a lingerer, a drowsy or dreaming lusk, a pill-garlick, a slowback, a lathback, a pitiful sneaking fellow, a lungio, a tall slim fellow, a slim long-back, a great he-fellow, a lubberly fellow, a lozel, an awkward fellow.'*

*The reader wil probably regret that Herr Ludwig did not wríte the whole of this article.*

NOTES  
ON THE  
PHONETIC ALPHABET

# COMPLETE TABLE OF THE VOWELS

| accented. | unaccented. | accented or unaccented. |                                                                             |
|-----------|-------------|-------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------|
|           |             |                         | as in—                                                                      |
| <i>a</i>  |             |                         | <i>father</i>                                                               |
|           |             | <i>a</i>                | <i>hat</i>                                                                  |
|           | <i>ʌ</i>    |                         | <i>ago, general, a.</i> <sup>1</sup>                                        |
| <i>av</i> |             | <i>aʹ</i>               | <i>autumn, aʹthority, aʹll.</i>                                             |
| <i>ε</i>  |             |                         | <i>bed.</i> <sup>2</sup>                                                    |
|           |             | <i>a, y</i>             | <i>made, dy.</i>                                                            |
|           | <i>e</i>    |                         | <i>abate.</i> (As a mute, denoting length of preceding vowel.) <sup>3</sup> |
|           |             |                         | <i>heaven.</i> (Vocalizing a liquid.)                                       |
|           |             |                         | <i>die.</i> (Before a consonant.)                                           |
| <i>ii</i> | <i>i</i>    |                         | <i>green, ricavʹll;</i> <sup>4</sup> <i>thi.</i> (Before a vowel.)          |
|           |             | <i>i</i>                | <i>it.</i>                                                                  |
|           |             | <i>ɪ</i>                | <i>might, bɪ.</i>                                                           |
|           |             | <i>o</i>                | <i>hot.</i>                                                                 |
|           |             | <i>o</i>                | <i>open.</i>                                                                |
|           |             | <i>u</i>                | <i>full.</i>                                                                |
| <i>ω</i>  |             |                         | <i>moon.</i>                                                                |
|           |             | <i>u</i>                | <i>unite.</i>                                                               |
|           |             | <i>v</i>                | <i>but.</i>                                                                 |
|           |             | <i>av</i>               | <i>hav.</i>                                                                 |
|           |             | <i>γ</i>                | <i>lyric, pity.</i>                                                         |

## NOTES ON THE VOWELS

1. The form of this symbol was chosen to picture the sound that it stands for; viz. an imperfect *a*—one whose characteristic sound is blurred through being unaccented.

To read *paradox* and *Asia*, for example, may serve to remind a deliberate, careful speaker not to say *paradox*, *Asia*.

2. Some writers may choose to use *ɛ*, in preference to *ɪ*, for certain syllables which carry a secondary accent only; thus, the last syllable in *tenderness*, *lightheartedness*:—

and for p. participles, bearing a secondary accent, as *comforted*:—also for certain words with the prefix *ex*, *en*, &c.—if pronounced *ɛ* rather than *ɪ*, even when the vowel is unaccented: viz. *example*, *enchant*. Robert Bridges would have advocated this pronunciation and spelling; and in such words as the above, where the second vowel is undoubtedly accented, the reader would not be misled. A few other exceptions to accentuation of *e* are *index*, *content*, &c.

3. The use of *e*, as a mute, sometimes to soften *c*, but chiefly to distinguish long from short final syllables, is explained in Prose V.

Further it is permitted to write mute *e* at the end of certain monosyllables, which, by virtue of their sense, carry weight, even if their vowel be short by nature: thus *love*, and occasionally *done*, *gone*, &c. And we write *some* or *som*, according to sentence-stress.

4. *ɪ* followed by *e*, as in *sincere*, *these*, is accented. *ɪw* is accented, as in *fiw*, *brutiful*, and *in* as in *real*, *diar*, &c.

For those who have not seen No. V, it should be explained that this symbol, *ɪ*, stands for *i*, and *ɪ* for *i:*, in the I.P.A. alphabet. It was the intention of the designer (R.B.) to approximate the shape to some form of *i*, which would in all probability be eventually substituted.

Note.—We write *bwk*, *lwk*, &c., in order to change as little as possible the appearance of these common words. And, for the same reason, *trwth*, *frwt*, &c., instead of *trwth*, *frwt*: this cannot mislead as *y* (cons.) never occurs after *r* before *w*.

Capitals are not dealt with. Proper names are unchanged and quotations given in the original spelling.

## RULES

### FOR THE EFFECT OF *r* ON PRECEDING VOWELS

#### RULE I

In standard English,

The vowels, *a*, *æ*, *ē*, *o*, *u*, *ū*, *ω*, and the digraph *aw* (except in *cowry*) are followed by the sound of *e*, before *r*. In some words this sound is represented by the symbol *e* written before the *r* as in *aerate*, or after the *r* as in *flare*, *fire*, *more*, *pure*, but often its presence is indicated by no symbol, as in *Mary*, *stir*, *poor*.

#### RULE 2

In an orthographically closed syllable ending in *r*, or *r* followed by another consonant—

*or* has the sound of *aur* (*a'r*) *nor*, *fort*.

*vr*        „        „        *err*        *fur*, *hurt*.

*ir*        „        „        *err*        *stir*, *squirt*.

*er*        „        „        *err*        *her*, *herd*, *confer*.<sup>1</sup>

Inflected and derived forms remain unaltered: thus, *stirring*, *sorry*.

<sup>1</sup> *er* is always accented, whereas *er* is always unaccented.

## RULE

### FOR THE EFFECT OF *w*, *wh*, and *qu* ON THE FOLLOWING *a*.

In standard English,

a following *w*, *wh*, and *qu* has the sound of *o*: thus—*was*, *what*, *quarrel*.

[Except before *ck*, *g*, *ng*, and *x*; as *whack*, *wag*, *wangle*, *wax*.]

## THE CONSONANTS

The following are unchanged:

*b d f h j k l m n p q r t v w x y z.*

*c* is soft before *ε e i u i ħ γ.*

*c* is hard before all other vowels and diphthongs.

*g* is always soft, thus *gem, manug.*

*g* „ hard, „ *go, get.*

*s* has four forms:

*s* as in *soft* (unvoiced)    *ʃ* as in *was* (voiced)

*ʃ* „ *sugar* „    *ʒ* „ *measure* „

## LIGATURES

*ŋ* as in *sing*

*ʃh* as in *ship*

*th* „ *thin* (unvoiced)    *ʃi = ʃh* „ *Asia*

*th* „ *the* (voiced)    *ci = ʃh* „ *social*

*wh* „ *what*    *ti = ʃh* „ *notion*

*ch* „ *chin*

When *ch* or *wh*, unligatured, are used at the beginning of a word, one of the letters is mute: thus, *Christian*, where *h* is mute; *whæ*, where *w* is mute.

*Note.* Phonetically, *s* symbols are unnecessary for the sound *sh* (*ʃ*), but we retain all of them in use at present to avoid the otherwise unfamiliar appearance of words.

Several mute consonants are retained, thus: *twæ, answer; know, knġfe; half, thaht.* Also *of* is always written thus, and not *ov*. But these are matters for personal choice.







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